MERMAID

THE MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS!

VOL. 1 NO. 9

50¢

FEATURES, FICTION AND PHOTOS DESIGNED TO PLEASE EVERY MAN!

EXTRA BONUS:

JUNE WILKINSON DANCES FOR YOU!

AHOY MATE!

As we promised last issue we intend to show you how to enjoy yourself under the water at your favorite beach lake or swimming hole this summer. The article Undersea Adventure for Everybody was written by one of the foremost experts in the field of submarine swimming Andrew Kemp

Even though it was scribed by an acquatic expert, our article is clear concise and very easy for all our readers to understand. Andrew Kemp our Merman of the month did it this way so as to enable as many of MERMAID S readers as possible to enjoy the popular sport of undersea swimming.

And even if you are a land locked lady s man who won't wade out deeper than your knee-caps you still will enjoy Mr Kemp s article

So if you can skip past the pretty Mermaids we've got stationed strategically throughout the book, take a peek at his story and see for yourself.

The Editor.

Editor — Mario Ross

Associate Editor — Larry M. Thomas

Production — Charles Porter

Art Director — Frank MacLean

VOL 1 NO. 9

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by
Wilton Rhode

ONCE MORE

BILL ADAMS did not expect, of course to run into so odd a situation in his first trip to Algiers. Perhaps if he had been more familiar with the ways of the exotic city and its crooked streets he might not have succumbed to what is after all a fairly usual occurrence. But then neither would he have had his adventure.

Adams was a young American of twenty five or twenty six from Toledo, Ohio. He was in Algiers on business. That is to say the export-import firm which employed him had sent him into North Africa to introduce into the branch offices some new accounting procedures. He was to be gone a week. That was all. It was dull- rather cut and dried work and he expected no excitement. Nonetheless, he was as anxious as any tourist to see the city. So

TO REMEMBER

he talked to the branch manager

"I'd like to get a look at some of the hot spots" he said

The branch manager, who was familiar with the ways of young men sent out by the home office, grinned "You mean girls"

Bill smiled "Sure Why not" At least to have a look

The branch manager nodded "Why not? Only I'd advise you to go no farther than looking Most of these girls are ugly dirty and diseased And sometimes dangerous But if you like I'll show you a couple of places this evening"

So they went The branch manager took Bill first to a bar where they had a few drinks on the expense account and then they hired a taxi and moved

(Continued on next page)

ONCE MORE TO REMEMBER

(Continued)

off into the Moslem quarter of the city Here the streets narrowed so that from the taxi Bill could have touched the white-walled buildings on either side Only a few street lights and occasional neon signs broke the darkness But the streets were crowded with people sellers of wares to the tourist trade men longing on corners with an eye out for anything that smelled of money, and an occasional European tourist.

The taxi finally pulled up before a low building with a bead strung door The two men got out and pushed through the beads, which jangled musically as they passed The room inside was nearly empty Along one side was a bar The rest of the room was taken up by a handful of small round tables, at a couple of which sat men dimly peering into their liquors But they did not stop here The branch manager led Bill through a second door Here was a smaller room entirely empty of people The only furniture was a low divan.

They had just settled themselves on this when an aged woman wrapped nearly from head to toe in a bright colored cloth appeared, bowed to them and then spoke 'You wish to see the ladies?'

The branch manager shrugged 'Hello, Wah," he said "The young man is interested I'll wait here Have them send me a cigar and a liquor" Then he winked at Bill "Take your time," he said 'We've got all evening But be careful"

The woman nodded and beckoned to Bill "Come," she said "Follow"

Bill rose and followed her out a door They were in a long corridor of white-washed brick, lit here and there with naked bulbs Along the length of the corridor were perhaps eight or nine doors There was nothing exotic or exciting about any of it Bill was beginning to wish he had not come It was much too cut and dried But of course he could not back out now.

The woman led him to the first of the doors and swung it open The room was tiny, just about big enough for the bed and washstand it contained and nothing else Reclining on the bed quite naked was a woman of indeterminate age, approximating with her limbs what she considered a seductive position As he looked, she winked at Bill

The madam spoke 'Tanya Very nice. Knows six ways of love Very experienced" Experience, however, was not what Bill was looking for He shook his head And then, as they began to go down the line of doors he wondered what he *was* looking for. The girls were not bad, some of them They ran to short stocky bodies, large breasts and long carefully entwined black hair They were all naked, and they all lay on their beds and winked at him or moved themselves seductively And yet Bill was not really interested He decided that he would give the woman a few dollars, thank her for her time and leave as soon as they had covered all the ground He had seen an Algerian brothel That was worth a few dollars.

Then she opened the last door The girl here was different Not so fat, and somewhat younger, she had long clean athletic hues Her breasts were not so large as the others Bill had seen they budded lightly on her chest, pale tan mounds of flesh just ripening He was rather struck she was a pretty girl, and she was out of tune with her surroundings

'A young girl," the madam was saying 'Just new here Almost virgin"

Bill chuckled And then he sobered The girl was sitting up on the bed her eyes imploring him She did not wink, but looked at him solemnly, just staring And again Bill was moved He hesitated And then he thought, I'll talk to her, to find out her story And so he nodded yes, and entered the room Behind him the madam closed the door and disappeared

Bill sat down on the bed, there being no other place to sit. The girl had turned and was sitting with her legs folded up underneath her, eyeing him gratefully "Do you speak English?" he said.

She nodded her head. "A little," she said.

Bill cast about for an opening Finally he said "you're different from the others."

She bowed her head. "I ugly girl Men do not love me"

Pity touched him. 'Perhaps in Algiers. In America you would be very pretty In America we like girls not so fat"

She smiled tentatively "So? It is true?"

"Oh yes In America you would be pretty"

Suddenly the girl smiled languorously, and lay down on the bed, her arms under her head 'Maybe I go America some day"

Bill smiled That of course was impossible The immigration officials would not be admitting prostitutes from Algiers. 'How did you get into this business?" he said

She shrugged, smiling sadly. "Money I poor girl Maybe get rich, if I not so ugly"

And it suddenly occurred to Bill that he liked this girl She was pretty, she was sweet, she was undemanding, and she was plainly immediately grateful for the little compliment he had paid her Impulsively he said, "I like you What is your name?"

"Poh," she said. 'Poh is my name And yours?"

"William," he said 'Bill"

The girl sat up again and suddenly touched his face. "Why you he like to me?"

He shrugged, embarrassed. "I don't know," he said. "I've just come from America. I go back soon. I just came here to see what it was like I didn't expect to find—somebody I liked."

Now the girl was kneeling on the bed She moved close to Bill, her head over his, staring down "I feel funny," she said She tipped her head forward and touched her lips to his forehead And for a moment they simply remained that way unmoving

Bill staring out at the blank wall, his consciousness absorbed entirely in the cool touch of the girl's lips on his skin. He was beginning to feel odd himself. Full of a sudden gentleness and peace. Puzzled, he wrinkled his brow. What was happening to him? Why should he care for this Algerian prostitute whom he had known for all of ten minutes?

The girl saw his frown and pulled away. "I'm sorry," she said. "I both er you."

"No," he said quickly. "No. You don't bother me. I like you. I like you to kiss me." And then softly he turned, took the girl in his arms and kissed her mouth. The flesh of their moist lips clung like dew to a flower petal. Bill could feel the girl trembling lightly in his arms, and he knew that he was trembling too.

Then they parted. "Please," she said. "Be naked. Will you be naked with me?"

"Yes," he said solemnly, not taking his eyes from her. He stood and began to unlasten the buttons of his shirt.

"Please," she said. "Let me undress you." And still kneeling up on the bed she began to work on his buttons, her fingers quick on his flesh and she moved down the line of buttons. He waited.

Then the shirt was undone. He moved his arms and pulled it off. Already she was unlastening his belt, and pushing his trousers to the ground, and then, after a moment, he was naked.

Continuing to kneel up on the bed she clasped her arms around his waist and laid her head gently on his chest. Bill's heart was pounding, and he was thinking: What is happening to me? Am I falling in love with this girl? Am I falling in love with an Algerian prostitute? And yet he did not want to go, he wanted to stay. He wanted the emotion to continue to carry him forward.

Now he bent his head gently moved the girl away, and lay down beside her on the bed. With bodies pressed close together, they talked. "I feel you, Bill," she whispered. "I feel funny for you."

"Yes," he said. "I know." But it was impossible.

"And you feel for me?" she said.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, Poli, I feel for you."

She put her hands on his back and began gently stroking his flesh, moving them up to his neck and then slowly down to his waist and across his sides. He touched her also, running his hands over her soft lips across her eyelids which flattered closed as he touched them, onto her ears and then into the silken spread of her black hair. She touched his hand in her hair and then pulled the hair around over as if to cover them from outside view. Then they moved together.

Afterwards they lay still for a long time before Bill remembered the manager. He jumped away. "I have to go," he said quickly. "Somebody is waiting for me. I just remembered."

She looked sad. "Will you come back?"

He took her face in his hands and kissed her gently. "Yes. I'll come back tomorrow, and the next day, and the next day, and ever after." He was stunned by what he was saying, but it was what he felt what he wanted. He did not want to leave the girl.

He dressed quickly and went outside to see the manager. The man was sitting over his liquor. "My God," he said. "What did you do, take on the lot of them?"

Bill was embarrassed, but he did not want to mention Poli. So he shrugged, and they dropped the subject. He could still feel the body of the girl pressed against him. He felt wonderful, and he felt sad.

But in the morning it was a different matter. As he sat at his desk going over a row of figures he could not concentrate. The girl Poli was all in his mind. He wanted her, the only thing that meant anything was the possibility of seeing her again that night. It completely occupied his thoughts.

Yet he was stunned. He was in love, but he could not be. He simply could not allow himself to fall in love with the girl. She would not ever be able to leave Algiers. Oh, perhaps he could marry her and ultimately they would get back to America. But how would she behave there? What would she do? Would she be happy to be torn so far from her own ways? And would Bill himself be happy to have a wife who was so foreign to the ways of his friends and their wives? All day he wrestled, feeling alternately sick and ecstatic.

And then after supper he went into a bar, downed three quick whiskeys, and took a cab back to the brothel. He knew what he had to do, and he felt miserable. His emotions tore at him, pushing him this way and that. Grimly he walked forward through the bar, through the second room, and into the corridor where the madam hastily picked him up and showed him to Poli's room. Then they were alone, together.

She was smiling at him, and then she saw the sorrow on his face.

"Poli," he said softly. "I will not come back any more. It is no good. It will not work."

She was about to cry, but she stopped the tears. She nodded. "Yes," she said. "I thought it last night. You cannot take me."

And Bill too thought he would cry. "I'm sorry. I want to, but it will not work." Then he sat down on the bed and took her face in his hands. "But we must remember," he whispered passionately. "We must remember."

She nodded. "Yes," she said. She kissed him hard on the mouth. Then she began to unbutton his shirt. "Now. Once more—to remember."

The end

QUICK QUIP

You married guys would kiss the little woman much more often if you realized that it's one of the best ways known to get her to shut her mouth.

by
Hy Bedford, Jr

THE MAID WHISTLE

It just took a little bit of good, old mountain magic to get the young man to propose marriage Here's how it works

I DON'T SUPPOSE you know what a maidwhistle is Most people don't I guess they've kind of gone out of fashion most places or if not out of fashion they've simply been forgotten about But up here in the mountains it's different We know about maidwhistles Oh, of course nobody's got one I don't mean that In fact I don't think anybody much has ever seen one, except some of the old grannies in their shacks up in back of the creek But there always were stories about maidwhistles handed down You were supposed to be able to get any girl you liked just by blowing on one At least that was the idea And we had a lot of stories about the old fellows who worked them this way you know, they got girls to come to them by blowing on their maid whistles

The reason why I'm bringing this all up is because at the time of this story I sure could have used one There was this girl Susan her name was and she was something She belonged to the people down the road a piece She was some kind of a cousin and she arrived there one day with a little bitty suitcase and a straw hat and not much else Her old man had got killed in a mine crash and her old lady married a straw boss who got to chasing Susan around the living room She couldn't stand it, so she came up here to the mountains to get away for awhile

And my damn, wasn't she something! Little and pert and blonde headed but full of these curves everywhere that pulled her dress tight I tell you it was a pretty sight to see her come marching up the road to the letterbox, her hips swinging, and her bosoms trying to work their way out of the top of her dress Especially with

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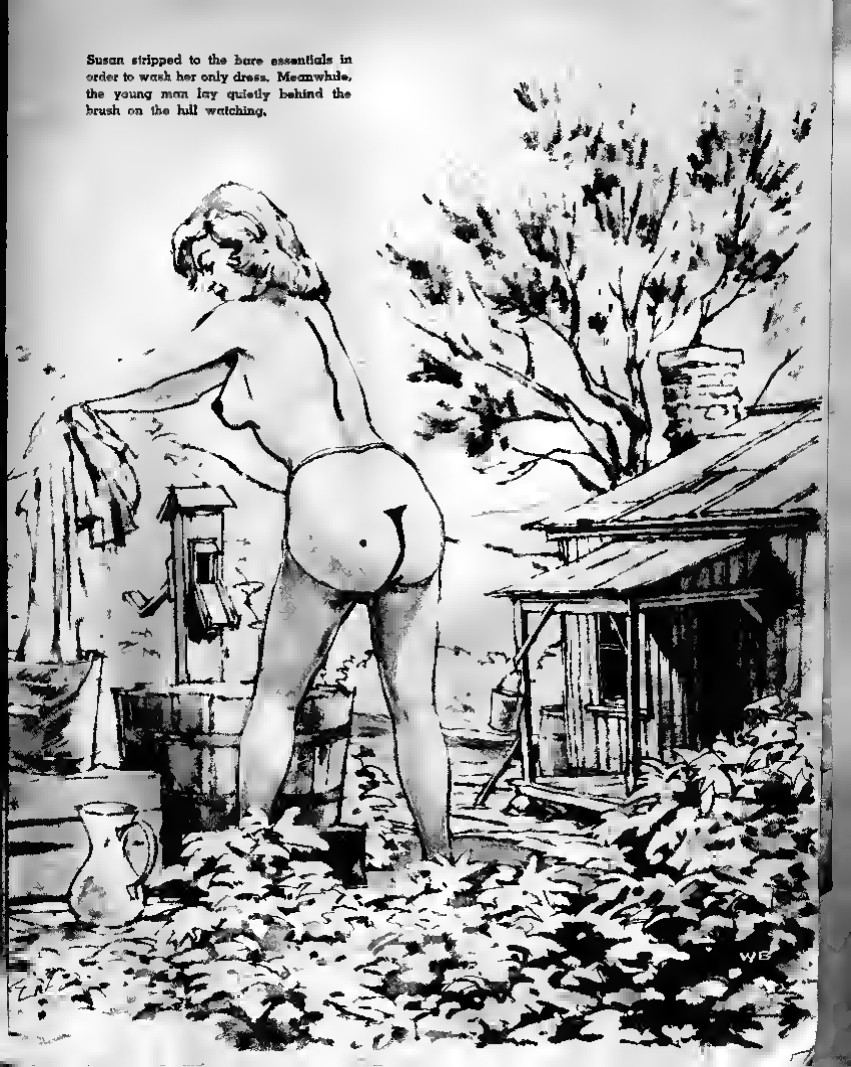
Susan stripped to the bare essentials in order to wash her only dress. Meanwhile, the young man lay quietly behind the brush on the hill watching.



SUNBATHER'S

After learning that some of the most fantastic tans on the world are born, bred and raised in the little gold-digging town of Hollywood, California, MERMAID sent staff photographer Bob Wilhams down to interview one of them. So here's his inside story on budding starlet Bubbles LaFitte's fantastic tan.

After making the necessary arrangements with her agent, Bob Wilhams (MERMAID S luckiest photographer) arrived at the modest ranch house of up-and coming movie starlet Bubbles LaFitte for the interview that would give MERMAID S readers the inside scoop on

HEAVEN

why Hollywood tans are better than others

"They're not only better," was Bubbles' first comment to Bob, "they're also longer-lasting and safer than any I've ever had"

And the well built (39-24-35)... well tanned (chestnut brown) Bubbles should know Seems that in her short career as a movie-land lassie she's been to several Continental sun-spots while pursuing her career Her report reads like this

"Cannes is alright but I got sunburned on my first day And in the Bikini I was wearing it really started to hurt in the wrong spots

"Deauville is NG in my book No sun for two weeks then boom sunburn!

"Casablanca wasn't bad but like I've said before, there's nothing like California for tanning Especially Hollywood.'

At this point Bob (who had been using his camera like crazy) finally managed to get in a couple of words edgewise And with the answers to his inquiries he found out that Bubbles was born about 24 years ago in a small town near the Canadian border We said 'about' because shortly after the blessed event the county clerk's office burned down Ever since then nobody has been able to pin-point Bubbles' exact birthday (She thinks it falls on April 15th)

Aside from this confusing bit of information, there isn't anything else especially different

about Bubbles LaFitte, except her unusual first name

"When I was about four," Bubbles tells us, "I used to have one of those toy soap bubble pipes with me constantly From morning to night I used to fill the house with bubbles so I guess the nick-name just came naturally"

Other things that have come naturally to the 5' 4", 123 pound beauty are a set of hazel-green eyes and a deep, rich, brown hair color And, while we were surprised that all the sun-bathing she does didn t change the color of her hair, Bubbles was not. She claims that because of the extra-special effects of the glorious sunshine in her town her hair never gets bleached out

Others in the golden Cahforma area claim the same thing For instance, the noted meteorologist, Dr Ernst Webber says that " there seems to be a definite abundance of infra red and ultra violet rays in the sunlight around and in the lower Cahforma area And " continues Dr Webber, "this means a great deal of vitamins A and D are constantly being received by all the inhabitants around here That's probably the reason for the fantastic tans and beautiful body colorings"

Of course it may sound like sour grapes but all that we can say (since we don't live in lower Cahfornia) is "That's all quite true if there isn t any smog in the air to block out the sun"

(Letters from the Chamber of Commerce will be answered if space permits)

TEACHER'S PET

There's nothing quite as wild as being the only bachelor at an all girl's college. Especially if you're young and handsome.

by
Webster Lake

THEY LIKE to hire married teachers at Brinsley. And for good reason. With all these nineteen year old girls running around in Bermuda shorts, the rounds of their rumps plainly visible under the cloth, it's pretty hard for a bachelor teacher to keep his mind on his work.

However they made an exception in my case. My record was first rate, few men come up with their Ph.D.'s at twenty seven, and so they made me a good offer. I jumped. And of course, then I didn't know what I was getting myself in for.

It didn't take me long to find out, however. I showed up on the campus in September, moved my hi-fi and my books into the little apartment they had reserved for me and took a look around. The sight was incredible. Girls—literally hundreds of them—wandered around the greensward in the most casual attire. Shorts, sweaters, casual tee shirts, dungarees fetchingly tight around the thigh—the

(Continued on next page)

TEACHER'S PETS

(Continued)

guls were what they chose to wear, and what they chose to wear was very little. After about ten minutes of wandering through this dizzying variety of femininity, my head was awash with thoughts. I'm glad Dean Millard couldn't see. Dean Millard is a woman of fifty who rides close herd on her charges. They come to here, most of them, virgins. She tries to see that they remain that way—with only a modest degree of success, I may add. But she tries.

In any case, I thought to myself, old boy, this is going to be a problem. All ready I have a frantic itch, and I've only been here four hours. What will it be like at the end of a week—or a year?

A week later when I started teaching my classes, I discovered that I hadn't known the half of it. Imagine this: at ten o'clock in the morning I sat down at a desk facing some twenty young ladies aged approximately nineteen. Most wore Bermuda shorts. I had the impression that I was afloat in a sea of naked legs. For a long moment I simply stared at this wild sight. Then I shuddered, pulled myself together, and began to lecture on the Romantic poets. And of course that just aggravated the whole thing. Young ladies at girl's colleges are fascinated by the Romantic poets. Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Byron, they die for. And why not? Shelley had a woman commit suicide for him, Keats died young, Coleridge took dope and Byron slept with his sister. As I expounded these unhappy facts, the mass of young womanhood sat up, casting the sleep from their eyes, and listened, open mouthed, yearning in their hearts for a lover who would die young, or take dope or sleep with his sister. When they left at the end of that first class they were all ready to run out of the school and dig up a poet to flop into bed with.

The only trouble was, there weren't any poets around. At least, under fifty. We had a couple of versifiers hidden away in a dusty corner of the English department, but they rarely came out of their books, and then only for long enough to take a cup of tea. And so I was it. All of the Romanticism I lectured on rubbed off on me. That is to say, the girls confused the words with the object. I was Shelley, a Keats, Coleridge and Byron all rolled into one. What a mess.

And to top it all off, I was about the only eligible young bachelor on the campus. Most of the instructors were women, to start with. Of the half dozen men four were superannuated, one a fairy, and one married. That left me. At times there I began to feel like a lump of cheese in a mouse hole. They kept coming at me so fast I could hardly bat them away. They'd stop me on the campus streets, their prond little breasts quivering with love of the Romantic poets, cluster about me and say: "Oh Professor Denby, I simply loved your lecture on Byron. I mean you made it seem all so real for me. You can't imagine how I feel." And so forth and so on.

Or they'd come upon me at Ye Olde Coffee Shoppe, where I was having a sustaining cup of hot brew and a look at my newspaper. They would hop upon stools on either side of me flanking me in. Then bare knees and calves would be pressed lightly against my suit, and they'd turn their red, red lips my toward mine as they spoke breathlessly of life among the ancients. I thought I would go mad.

The worst was at night. Sometimes, as I walked out for an invigorating breath of fresh air they'd pounce upon me in the dark, surrounding me with the musky scent of fresh young virgins, tormenting me with eyes aflutter and lips half parted. "Oh Professor Denby, you must explain this passage. I simply can't get it, and I'll die if I can't finish the poem."

And so it went. It was impossible, of course, for me to do anything about it. If I were to get caught with my hand on the dress of one of these young pretties my academic career would be finished. Not only would I be tossed out of Briensley, I would be permanently blacklisted from any decent college. And I'd have to go out washing dishes someplace. It was a terrible thought.

Oh, I suppose I might have taken a chance. But I knew perfectly well that a lot of the girls tumbling about with half parted lips would let out a howl you could hear for miles if I made a move. Sure, they'd walk about the Glen with me discussing Shelley, they'd evidence a modern interest in daring ideas, but that would be as far as it would go. Not all of them, certainly. I knew that some of them would be delighted for a roll in the hay on a long fall afternoon. But the trouble was, I didn't know which ones. They all behaved the same, and I couldn't afford to take a chance on being wrong.

There were two of them that I particularly had my eye on. They were pals of some kind, and they sat in the front row of my Romantic poets course. Margaret Smith was rather tall and skinny, a bony type, without much to recommend her. She wore her hair long to her shoulders and she stared at me all through class with straight forward, penetrating eyes, as if she were trying to see what went on inside of my brain. Cecilia Tossing was something else altogether, rather more short and well padded. Her legs were chunky, rich with the skin you love to touch and her bosoms were extraordinarily large for a girl of her *age*. That is to say, they stuck out to the front like a pair of Graham rolls. Fortunately, she had a counter weight behind, to balance her. Otherwise she would have tipped over. A dark haired type, olive skinned, and altogether a nice piece of goods. Cecilia and Margaret were a typical pair of girlish chums, one pretty, one not. You know, pretty girls always like to hang out with an ugly one, for the contrast. And the uglies need a pretty girl to get them in on all the events.

In any case, I often wondered about these two. They were medium grade students. That is to say they lov-

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"May I cut in?"

PROBABLY more skin-divers will make fools of themselves this year than members of any other sport in America, including professional wrestling and water polo. This is a heavy indictment; professional wrestlers almost always make fools of themselves, and water polo is a game that tends in the same direction.

However, skin divers will win out in the end. This is because there are about eight major and seventeen minor ways in which a skin diver can harm himself, other skin-divers, or casual fishers. None of them are pretty, and all of them will occur this year. However, despite the heavy toll the sport will extract from its enthusiasts, the numbers of people enjoying it will increase by droves in 1959. Skin-diving is rapidly taking on the appearance of a major sports and to stumble into a poorly constructed pun, every young man worth his salt will want to be in the swim.

There are good reasons for the growing popularity of skin-diving. It is dangerous without being lethal; it is demanding without being impossible; and it can be conducted by women as well as men, a fact which both sexes find enticing. And at this juncture it might be well to say what the furor is all about.

As a sport, skin diving is just about twenty years old. Except for the pros the pearl and sponge divers, hardly a man followed the sport before World War II. Since that time it has boomed

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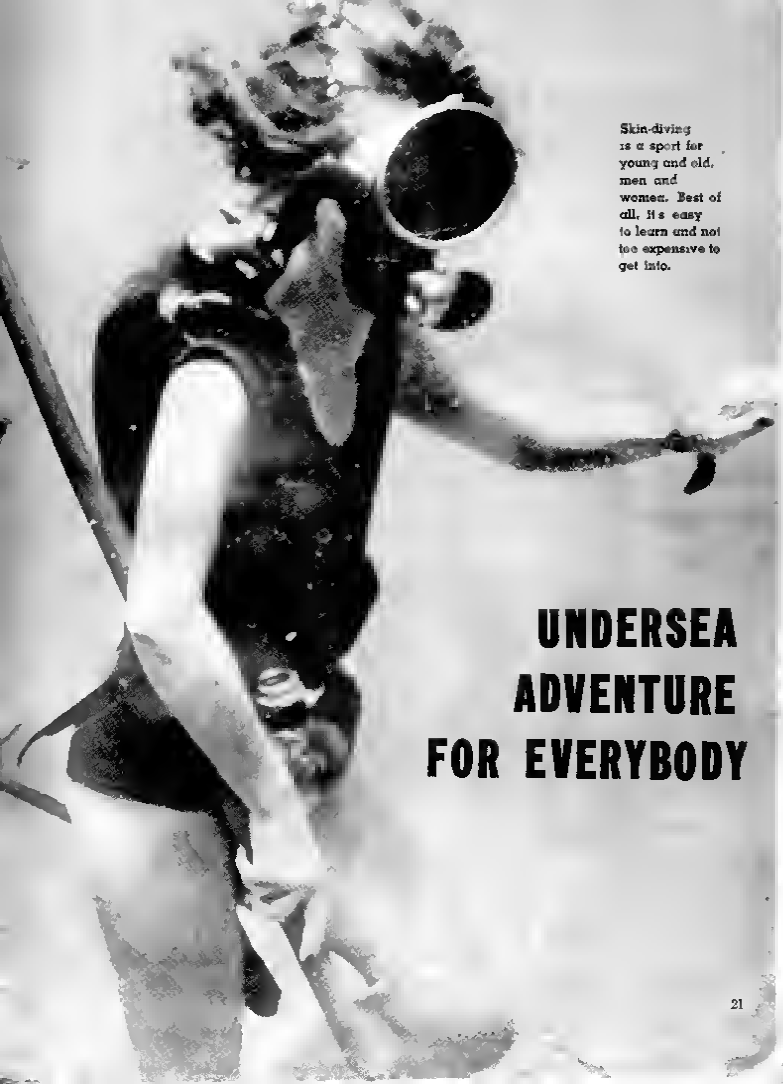
by
Andrew Kemp



Skin-diving is a sport for young and old, men and women. Best of all, it's easy to learn and not too expensive to get into.

UNDERSEA ADVENTURE FOR EVERYBODY

If you want to join up with the latest anti-square movement in America here's a few good tips on what to expect once you make it.

Advice To The Aspiring Beatnik

by
Sturges Lane

A WHILE ago it was juvenile delinquency. If you weren't a JD why man, you didn't count. Before that it was the goatee-and dark glasses bop ster who set the social style. Before that it was the agitators of social significance who constituted the inner social circle of America. And today it's the Beatniks. The papers are lull of them, the magazines give them four-color displays, the television joke smiths kid them and the sociologists worry. The Beat is the thing. Unless you're Beat, man, you're just not hip. You might as well go crawl back into ivy league suit and hide your head in shame. You're out.

However, it is not entirely impossible to make the transformation from unbeat to Beat. Thousands upon thousands of ordinary young Americans are doing it daily. It is not easy, there are a lot of complications to work out, hundreds of little details to keep in mind. But given a little effort, you can make it. I advise you to make the effort, otherwise you'll miss out on the fun.

Now, before we get into lesson one, we should sketch in a little of the background of the thriving Beatnik business. It started about ten years ago. A wild assortment of types have come forward to claim the title of the originator of the Beat generation, but impartial opinion generally names a pair of more or less well-known writers named Jack Keronac and Clellon Holmes. Mr. Holmes is the author of a number of stories about jazz and a novel on the same subject. Mr. Kerouac, often called the spokesman of the Beat generation is the author of several books, the most famous of which are *On the Road*, and the *Dharma Bums*. So the story goes, Holmes and Kerouac were sitting around what a proper Beatnik calls his pad, one day, discussing the relationship between their times and the Lost Generation of the twenties. "We're the Beat Generation," one of them is supposed to have said, and thus a name was born—a name, incidentally, which

(Continued on next page)

ADVICE TO THE ASPIRING BEATNIK

(Continued)

did not gain currency for several years.

The Beat boom really began in 1956 with the publication of Kerouac's novel *On the Road*. It was an instantaneous success, although a number of critics chose to differ with popular opinion. In any case, Keronac got a lot of personal publicity, which he turned into general publicity for the Beat crowd which had been the subject of his book. He began to appear on television talk shows, replacing Norman Mailer, who until that time could always be counted on to say something shocking. Result: millions of people heard about the Beat generation and what is more important thousands began to imitate their ways. At this point, unless you can obtain intimate knowledge of Beatness, you are not in the swim of things.

All right now, what is that you have to do to become a Beatnik? In the first place, you must not use the word Beatnik. It is a perjorative word, and not condoned by the Beat. The second thing you must do is lose your inhibitions. This may be harder, for you've got to lose them all, including several that even an emancipated type like yourself would rather hang onto. The essence of the Beat is the search for the Way, which means essentially a way of getting high. You can get high on anything: booze, dope, contemplation, jazz or feeling rough cloth. It depends on your inclinations. According to Kerouac, one of the important Beat figures once got knocked off a park bench by an angel. It's that kind of thing you must prepare yourself for.

The matter of dress is very important to the aspirant Beatnik. The man wears dungarees, always dungarees. Nothing else is acceptable. On top he can wear a sweatshirt (the most highly favored) or a tee shirt or if the circumstances call for it nothing, but underneath it's always dungarees. Khaki pants won't do, and you certainly can't appear in Beat circles in tailor slacks. That marks you as square.

Women Beatniks, of whom more later, are allowed a little bit of latitude. The safest costume is a black sweater, black skirt, black knee-length hose, and black shoes with either a pony tail, or hair long and free flowing. Also, if possible, black. However, certain alterations are permitted in color and style. She can wear, say, orange stockings with her black costume, if the orange is garish enough. Or if she can find a conical medieval head dress she can wear that. Japanese kimonas are well thought of too.

The reason for the latter is that the Beats have taken to a peculiar variant of Buddhism called Zen for their religion. It is very difficult and subtle discipline to get at, and no attempt will be made here to describe it. Life is too short. Suffice it to say, you can put up a passable imitation of a disciple by giving outrageous answers to normal questions. Suppose for example, your mother or somebody asks you how you are feeling today. You answer, "The world is a nut" it will stop her cold, and in any case by the time she has figured out the meaning if it has any meaning, you will be long gone. Furthermore, it is considered un-Zen to ask what such a statement means. You are supposed to take it on faith. If anyone pushes you for an explanation you simply reply with another irrelevant statement. All it takes is a little imagination.

This brings us along to the Beat way of life. And this is where things get complicated. Some Beats do horrible things to themselves, like going to jail or committing suicide. In North Beach, San Francisco's mecca of Beat, at least two members of the group have fallen to their death from roof top parties. It may be a nice way to go out and all, but there's always the chance that you don't want to go out just yet. Besides, a bloody corpse spoils the gaiety of any party.

The danger of jail, is of course more than considerable. Every once in awhile the police swoop down on a Beat den and take everybody in on morals charges. Beats do not care about mundane things like the legal age of consent, and this can cause a certain amount of unpleasantness. And then, of course, there is dope. The Beats like to turn on every now and again. Marijuana is a continuous experience, and some of the Beater of the groups go in for such gentle past times as heroin and cocaine. Thus if the police crash your party, they're likely to pick up somebody for illegal possession of narcotics. This again can be unpleasant.

All the same, Beathood has its lighter side. There is, for example, the girl question. Lady Beats are not supposed to have scruples about pre nuptial intercourse, adultery, or general mix em up. Absence of strictures on sex makes them more interesting to fun loving fellows than ordinary girls. Several of the noted Beat girl-friends have confessed to living with friends of their husbands, with their husband's encouragement. It seems a strange way to be, but it certainly is enlightening.

Now, if we can stand the smell, let us drop in on a Beat party. Parties, you know, are where the Beatniks really shine. In groups they live. In fact, they are always in groups, usually at least of three, one girl two men. But at a big party, the real soul of the Beat comes out.

The first thing you will notice is the music. There is always music, mostly modern jazz although sometimes some of the really far out classical composers are allowed. Or specialty records. A great favorite is a recording of the sports car race at Sebring, complete with grinding of gears, rapidly gunned engines, and an occasional tearing sound when a car goes into the fence.

The second thing you will notice is the general absence of hilarity. The people are sitting, or lying on the floor, talking in small groups in subdued monotones. In fact, it looks dull—at least until you take a further look around. Many of the people will be

(Continued on page 44)

"I finally got rid of the chief, William—hang your hat anywhere!"

Shirley took
about it when
she undressed in front of the window
Not that she wanted anyone to
see. Well I mean not
someone special

DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL

by
Hogan Brown

CHAPTER IX

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15

DEAR DIARY:

Well this is a funny one. I mean I've been in situations before, but this takes the cake. I mean it's a drag, a real drag. And there isn't any thing I can do about it, either. Just yet. It's the kind of thing I certainly never would have figured on getting into. I mean, imagine. Here's this lovely boy, six feet tall with lovely hair and green eyes and these muscles all up and down under his tee-shirt, and I can't lay a hand on him. His name is Charlie Jester, and he's a cousin or something of the Winthrop's next door, and he's staying here just through the week-end. Then he'll be gone. It just makes me sick. I mean, imagine! I want him, and he wants me, but we can't have each other. Why it's a real tragedy, like *Romeo and Juliet*. Except I'm not about to take poison. There's got to be another way.

I suppose I ought to explain. See, there's this story that Charlie Jester is a wild one, that he got some girl in trouble in this place where he went to college, that he gets drunk and drives fast, and a lot of lovely things like that. I mean what girl wouldn't just die to get hold of a man with a reputation like that? Only the thing is, Mums would put up with it for a minute. When she heard he was coming she simply announced that I wasn't to have anything to do with him. "If you see him on the street, simply say hello and go on your way. Don't stop to talk with him."

And I said, yes. What else could I say? If I got sore about it mums might get ideas. I mean if I insisted on seeing him, she'd start figuring why I wanted to see him. And that would put a crimp in my life. They might send me away to a monastery or something. You never can tell about Mums. But there it is. The reason why I know he's interested in me is that somebody told me he asked about me. I mean that's natural, isn't

(Continued on page 36)

DIAMOND IS A GUY'S BEST FRIEND

Meet devastating Hope Diamond one of America's prettiest (and shapeliest) strippers. But more than that, Hope just happens to be a guy's best friend. Reason: she can always take your mind off your worries and cares. Whether she's offstage or on.

Junoesque Hope Diamond holds an unusual position in the broad world of strip-tease artistry. (And we just don't mean on stage either) Hope happens to be one of the **only** strip-tease artists now appearing around the night-club circuits in the States who can completely mesmerise an audience of both men and women

Some of the reasons that Hope is so effective with

her work are obvious. Such as her magnificent figure (37-26-38), her marvalous red hair coloring and of course her beautiful personality, vibrant and vivacious!

Hope tells us that she was born 23 years ago in San Antonio, Texas. And as a native of the Lone Star State she really enjoys TV Westerns. Unfortunately for the South-Western siren, Hope doesn't get many opportunities to watch the 21" silver screen because she's got such a heavy schedule of work.

"If it's not modeling or practicing my ballet lessons," says the dream doll, "then I'm out the rest of the time working myself to the skin."

And when Hope says she works, she means it. Her strenuous dance routine in the night club circuits costs her about five pounds . . . per performance. But even the loss of five pounds isn't very important," says Hope, "I just want to make sure I put over the best show possible. Also, I just love to eat (favorite foods: steak and salami and eggs) and it's the only way I can keep my figure in shape."

From a professional stripper's viewpoint we asked Hope if she had any particular pet peeves. Her answer: 'Definitely yes! I can't stand stage-door Johnnies. Guys who try to date me after the show is over really give me a pain. After a long, hard evening of work, there's nothing I want to do more than go home and just rest."

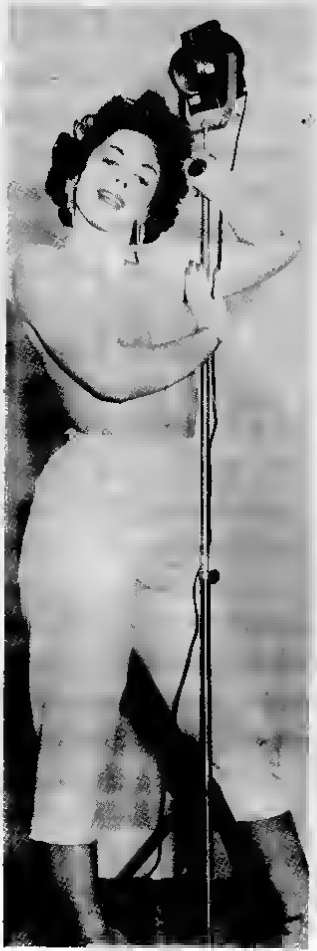
Other dislikes we heard from the heavenly Hope are: 1) over-cooked foods, especially rosst beef 2) catty girls and 3) people who make fun of my name.

"Actually I shouldn't reproach anyone who kids me about my monicker," says the long legged lovely. "It does keep the public aware of me and that's nothing less than good publicity."

Fortunately, Hope has an even larger list of likes. We won't list them all but among the most important (it seems to us) are: 1) well dressed men 2) beach parties (Hope loves the sun) and 3) intelligent conversation.

"I appreciate interesting, witty talk," says the sparkling Diamond, "just as I'm sure my audiences appreciate an interesting performance from me."

And judging from our photographs the audiences who crowd Hope's night-club performances get just that . . . an interesting performance.



MERMAID OF THE MONTH

"Give me a bonny lass with eyes that are as brilliant as the most precious diamond. Give me a lass like that and I'll show you how sweet a girl can be"

JOHN MACARKWRIGHT
1788-1853
Scottish Merchant and Jeweler

MERMAID OF THE MONTH

"Give me a bonny lass with eyes that are as brilliant as the most precious diamond. Give me a lass like that and I'll show you how sweet a girl can be."

JOHN MAC ARKWRIGHT
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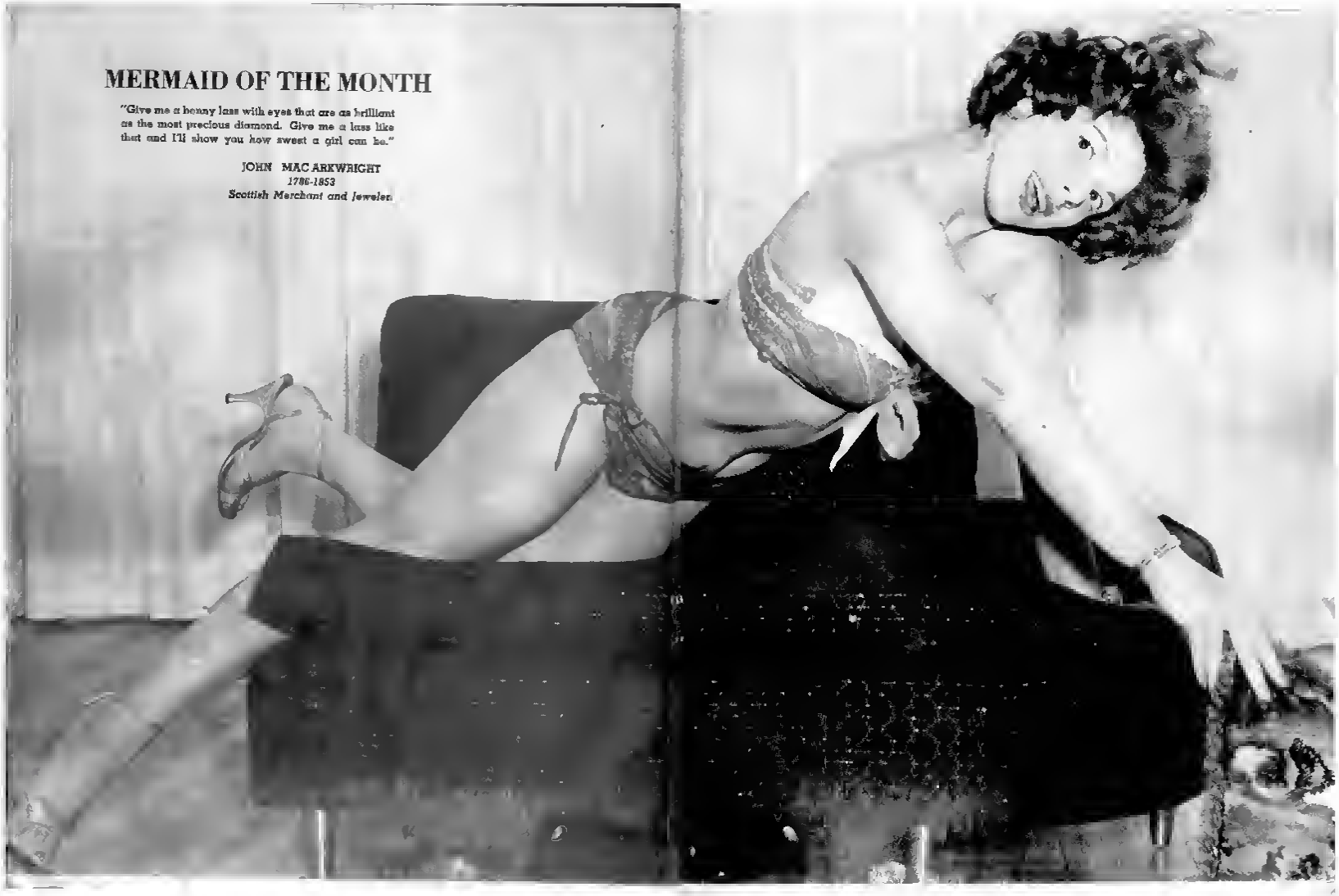

DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL:
CHAPTER IX
THE LUCKY BREAK

(Continued from page 27)

it? I mean if he saw a pretty girl like me with these nice—whatchamacallums and my pretty blonde hair and the way I stick out behind—why I should certainly think he would want me. It figures doesn't it? I mean not that I go around making a display of myself. A properly brought up girl doesn't do that. I mean I wouldn't make a vulgar display of myself for worlds. Except that I mean if you wear kind of tight clothes you can't help it if you stick out here and there. And I mean a girl with a figure like mine would be a fool not to wear tight clothes. A properly brought up girl doesn't make a vulgar display of herself, but she isn't a fool either. So anyway he's interested and I'm just dying.

THURSDAY, JULY 16

DEAR DIARY:

Well, for once in my life I got a break. I mean, it's such a drag most of the time everything goes against me and unless I was simply on the alert every minute I'd never get any thing. But this time I got a break. This morning Mums announced that she and Daddy were going over to Spring Valley for the week-end. Well not the whole week end. They'd leave Saturday afternoon and get back Sunday afternoon. But time enough, is what I say. And an unparalleled opportunity. I mean that's twenty four hours, and anything can happen in twenty four hours. Particularly to a girl who's on the alert.

But problems. The thing is this. Charlie Jester isn't the kind of fellow who'll hang around waiting for Saturday. I mean a man with that kind of reputation simply won't do it. You know, he's got to be out and going all the time, and why if he doesn't make it here he won't waste anytime, but he'll go out and make it another place. So as you can see the situation is fraught with pitfalls. Somehow I've got to keep him interested until Saturday noon. After that it will be smooth sailing. And I do mean smooth. But in the meantime, troubles. There are other girls in this town, a lot of cheap

(Continued on page 38)

THE MAID WHISTLE

(Continued from page 8)

the sun shining on her yellow hair. It was something I tell you.

And naturally I got kind of randy. I wanted to get a hold of that lovely Susan in the worst way. But it didn't seem like I was going to be able to manage it. What I did was catch her by the letter box one morning. "Hiya," I said in an offhand way. "Ain't you the girl that's staying up to Bedloes?"

"That's right," she said, not paying me any mind.

"Well," I said, 'seeing as we're neighbors and all I thought maybe I'd come down and pay you a call."

She give me this cool look. "Don't pay it no mind," she said. "I ain't interested in fellas."

"Well, now," I said. "That's too bad. I figured we could have a little time together—just to be neighborly."

"Figure another way, mister," she said. Then she closed up the letter box and went off down the road switching those hips in a way that made steam come out of my ears. Oh yes, she was something.

So what I did was sit down and give the whole thing a little thought. I couldn't figure what she had in mind. Most of the gals around here, why they're itching to get on with the boys. They got to get themselves married off, and the only way they're likely to do it is to get pregnant. And I figured I was about as good a catch as any of the young fellows up here in the mountains. I had a nice little stall that brought in a regular annuity, a cabin to myself that would do with a little fixing up, a couple of shoats and a patch of ground where I grew a few vegetables. I had things going nice. Not that I was aiming to marry the gal. That wasn't what I had in mind at all. But you would have thought she'd be interested in me, what with me being a good prospect and all. It didn't look that way, though.

But I wasn't about to give up. A couple of days later I took my shotgun and ambled down across the back fields to the Bedloe place. It was a good shotgun 12 gange with fancy silver plate on the side and a pump for quick shooting. I wanted her to get a look at it so's she could see I wasn't no poor boy. Besides, it gave me an excuse to work my way down there, you know, making out like I was hunting and just happened to come by.

So I got up around behind the house in the woods and then I lev down on my belly so as to get a look at what was going on. Old man Bedloe wasn't no place in sight. Usually he was setting on the back porch half juiced up on that copper plate he drinks, tamping his foot on the ground and spitting at the chickens. But he was gone.

Susan was there, though. She was kneeling on the grass with a big wash tub in front of her scrubbing out some clothes. She looked like the best part of Heaven I can tell you. She was so pretty I just lay there and watched for awhile. And let me tell you it was a good thing I done it. For after a minute she stood and looked all around, peeking this way and that, looking out that nobody was watching her. Then quicklike she stripped off her dress. Just taken it off, like that, and flung it in the washtub. Well my damn, it was a sight. She was naked as a jay, with her bosoms sort of sticking out in front of her and the rest of her sticking out behind, and my mouth just sort of dried up on me. My first idea was to get up out of the woods and amble down there for a

(Continued on page 46)

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Smoke 200 cigarettes FREE!
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CLICK! See Cigarettes Pop Out Into Your Hand—Ready to Smoke!

Operating the Korium Cigaret-Maker is easy as A-B-C. Pour the tobacco, slip in the paper, and the machine does the rest. You have a cigarette in your hand ready to smoke—**In LESS THAN 3 SECONDS!**

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See if you don't get the same smoke, same good taste, same smoking pleasure (if not better!) than the brand you now smoke. Yes, everything's the same—BUT WITH ONE BIG DIFFERENCE! You pay only for the tobacco, not the cigarette taxes. Everybody knows that as much as 17c out of every 25c spent on cigarettes go for taxes, TV shows, marketing, profits, etc. YOU CAN'T SMOKE TAXES—WHY PAY FOR THEM? Now, at last, you can still enjoy the fine-quality smoke you're accustomed to and yet SAVE $50.00 to $100.00 EVERY YEAR!

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☐ 200 for 49c ☐ TRIPLE SIZE: 600 for $1

DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL:

CHAPTER IX

THE LUCKY BREAK

(Continued from page 36)

suits who don't care what they do to get a man. They'll all be out gunning for Charlie Jester, believe you me. And I mean the competition is fierce around here. Of course, with a hair start I can handle myself pretty well. I don't mean to brag, because that isn't a nice thing to do. No well brought up girl boasts about herself. I mean it isn't smart, and all. But—well, I mean when you're giving facts—and the fact is I can handle myself all right, with an even start. Only this time I've got a handicap.

So I didn't waste any time. I started my campaign right away as soon as I heard that Mums and Daddy would be gone Saturday. What I did was right after breakfast I went up stairs to change. Now you know, I was wearing these pajamas at breakfast and naturally I had to put on something else. And I had a plan. My room faces out toward Winthrop's. And I knew that the Winthrop's guest room faced out toward us. But the thing was, where was Charlie Jester? Was he sleeping in the guest room? Or maybe did he get up all ready and go out. I couldn't tell. So what I did was kind of duck down behind the curtain and peek out. The shade was up, but I couldn't see anything going on. I decided to wait awhile. Charlie Jester was the kind of boy who was likely to sleep late. I mean it figures, him being such a wild one and all. So I crouched beside the window, watching. After awhile my legs began to cramp. I didn't dare move for had to catch him just as he got up. I mean he might be the kind that just rolls out of bed and on downstairs. It wouldn't do to miss him.

Once Mums came in the room when I was crouched there.

"What on earth are you doing?" she said.

"Oh, I'm just trying to fix the pleat in this curtain," I said. I mean that was last thinking.

"Well you'd better get dressed before lunch," she said sternly. But I didn't pay her any attention and she went away.

And then my vigil paid off. I mean sometimes just plain patience comes out to be the best virtue. As I looked across I saw some rustling around, and then Charlie Jester stood up and walked to the window and yawned. He had no top on I mean? He was really something. I could have kept right across to him right there. I was so fetched. But I didn't have time for idle speculation. The minute he reached the window I ducked back and stood up. Then I turned my back to the window and took off my pajama tops. I figured that would hold him for a minute. Then I stepped out of his line of sight. I waited a few seconds just to tantalize him. I mean of course, a properly brought up girl should never tease. That's bad form, and besides the fellows get mad at you for it. But on the other hand, he didn't have to know I knew he was there. So I figured it was all right.

So then I just strolled by the window with my top off and my lovely whatchamacallums sticking out. Out of the corner of my eyes I could see that Charlie was taking it all in. So I walked by not too fast, and not too slow, just as if I were going about my regular business. Then I sat down on the bed and waited another minute. This time, when I strolled by I had the bottoms off, too. I mean he couldn't see everything because the window wasn't that low. But he could get a look at the tops of my nice hips (I mean if they're nice, why shouldn't I say it), and a little bit of my stomach, and all, enough to know that I didn't have any bottoms on. And then I just moved off to the other side of the room, and turned my back. He could see a lot more of me here, all the way down to the backs of my knees, I figured, but it was a further distance and I didn't he would be able to make out all the details—just enough to interest him a little. And then I stood there and got dressed. Of course, as I say, I think it's wrong for a girl to make a vulgar display of her self. But after all, there's nothing vulgar about the naked body, is there? Think of all those nude paintings in the museums and all.

So that was the way it worked out today. And I figure for sure tomorrow he'll be up and alert in the morning.

FRIDAY, JULY 17

DEAR DIARY:

Well, problems on problems. I mean you'd think I ought to get some kind of credit for trying what with the handicap I'm working up and all. But you never can tell. This morning I got up and wanted around for Charlie Jester to show up at the window. Except he didn't show. I mean I was simply furious. Here I had given him my all the morning before and he didn't even have the courtesy to watch a second time. I mean is that fair? I was just about mad enough to forget about him—but not quite. Not a boy with those muscles and all the lovely hair. So I got dressed up in the shortest shorts I own, with a nice tight tee-shirt on, and went out hunting. I mean a properly brought up girl doesn't go around chasing men. It's vulgar, and besides, you'll never catch a man that way. But I was desperate. I had to do something. I mean I couldn't let him just disappear out of my life and all, without giving it the old try.

And what I did was tell Mums I was going to the beach, and I got into the car and drove away. But not far. Just around the corner, in fact. Sooner or later I figured Mums would be going out shopping, or to the club, or some place, and I waited. Then after awhile I called home. No answer. She was gone. So I got back into the car and drove back to the house. Mums wouldn't be gone long but she'd be gone for awhile. So, what I did was go out onto the back terrace and sit with my feet up reading a magazine. Feet up is a good way to sit. I mean it stretches out your legs where they show up to best advantage, especially if you have real short shorts on. Not that I would make a display. I'm just

(Continued on page 45)

"So I said 'Why Mr Snavely, I wouldn't dream
of coming up to your hunting lodge without a license!' "

Maurice d'Paree

Says: "let me make your life exciting with my newest creations!"

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E-2 LA COQUETTE

E-1 LE TRAITEUR 881

B-2 [illegible] — This an item is a must for that truly naughty feeling. A shoe pack through French delight with matching panties in black only 98.00

B-2 WHIMSEY WM.72 — Black [illegible] with [illegible] and lace straps [illegible] Sizes [illegible] Sizes [illegible] 32 to 38 only 6.98.

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TEACHER'S PETS

(Continued from page 18)

ed Romantic poetry, they loved to sit open mouthed in my class while I expended, and they understood only about half of what I said. Good solid C students. I used to mull them in my mind between classes. Eventually I came to the conclusion that Margaret Smith—the tall skinny one—might be ripe for a little nocturnal activity. I figured that she probably didn't get much play from the boys. If a Romantic desirable figure such as myself should give her some a decent attention, I was sure she'd obey his wishes. I mean she'd be so bowled over by the sudden rise to eminence that'd she'd be afraid to make me angry by saying no.

The other one, the pretty one, Cecilia Tossing I figured to be like the rest. Always ready with a smutty joke, always full of modern thoughts, but the first one to draw the line when somebody got serious. You see that is the way it is with pretty girls. They can get boys to dance attendance on them. But they're afraid that the boys only hang around for one thing. They're never sure that they're loved for themselves instead of their fine, happy bodies. So they can't afford to give anything away. Once the boys get what they want, they won't come around anymore—so they think. Thus I began to scheme. Sometime, when the opportunity arose, I figured I'd make a little pitch to Margaret Smith.

The difficulty was they were always together. And that was no good. I had to get the Smith girl alone. My first pitch was to ask her to see me after class in my office. I figured I'd tell her she was a budding genius, that I was interested in her work, that I'd like to talk to her about it some more and so forth and so on. This could lead to anything. So she came to my office. The only trouble was the other one came too and hung around outside waiting for Margaret Smith to be finished with me. I had to play it carefully.

'Miss Smith," I said. "I'm a little worried about you. You've been doing C work and I think you're capable of better."

She stared at me with those penetrating eyes. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'll try to work harder."

And I let it go at that. It was kind of a beginning. I was planting a seed in her mind. Sooner or later it would pay off. I was somewhat sorry, of course, that she wasn't more good looking. But there wasn't anything I could do about that. I'd have to take what I could get and make the best of it. Messing with the pretty one would only get me into a heap of trouble.

My next move was in Ye Olde Coffee Shoppe. I saw them there through the window, sitting side by side. I went in and squatted on an empty stool next to Margaret Smith. Immediately I struck up a conversation.

"How's the *Ode to the West Wind* going?"

"All right, Professor Denby," she said. "I guess." I noticed that the other one, Cecilia Tossing was leaning on her elbow on the counter, staring around Margaret Smith at me. I paid her no attention. I knew I had to focus on Margaret Smith if I were to get anywhere.

"Well if you have any troubles with it, feel free to stop around at my office any time. I'm always available to you."

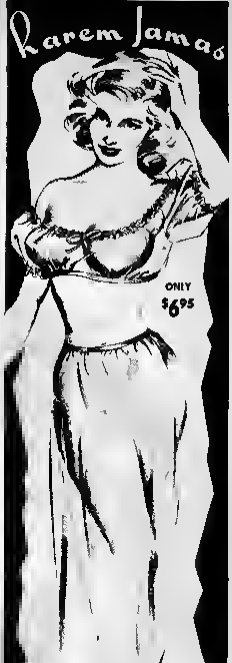
"That's very nice of you," she said.

Well it was kind of a cold reception. She wasn't moving my way any. But I knew she wasn't likely to do very much while the other girl was around. I tried to ignore her. I wanted Margaret Smith to see that I was all for her. But that didn't work. Cecilia said, "Professor Denby. I'm having trouble with the *Ode to the West Wind*."

I smiled my best tolerant smile. "Perhaps you haven't given it your full efforts, Miss Tossing." I said.

She looked rather glum at that, and I took a peek at the Smith girl to see her reaction. She was staring straight

(Continued on page 43)



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TEACHER'S PETS

(Continued from page 41)

ahead, as if she hadn't heard me. But I was sure she got the idea that I was more willing to see her than Cecilia Tossing. And so I left.

The next move came up more or less by chance. I had gone down to the Glen on a Saturday afternoon for a breath of air and a chance to collect my thoughts. I was sitting there on a rock minding my own business when the two girls hove in view around a corner. "Hello there," I smiled. They stopped, and stood in front of me, their bare legs glowing warmly in the afternoon sun.

"Hello Professor Denby," Cecilia said. Margaret Smith said nothing.

"Where are you girls bound for?" I said indulgently.

"Oh nowhere. We're just walking around," Cecilia said. And she sat down on the ground beside me.

This upset me. I wanted to get rid of her. "You'd better not sit there," I said reprovingly. "The ground is cold."

She looked at me peculiarly, but continued to sit. "Oh I don't care," she said. She was indeed a lovely bit of stuff, all round and padded out, with that pair of muffins going on before. For an instant I thought perhaps I might give a try, and then I caught myself. It would do no good. Margaret Smith was the only reasonable target. "How's the poetry going?" I said winningly.

"Oh it's going all right, I guess," Margaret said. It didn't give me much to go on.

"I'd like to discuss it with you," I said. The inference was clear that I wanted to talk to her alone; but Cecilia Tossing didn't budge.

And then Margaret Smith said, "Well I think I'll go along, Cecilia. Coming?"

"To pleasant a day to go inside," I said hastily. "Enjoy the beauties of nature."

But she ignored that. "Coming, Cecilia?"

But Cecilia shook her head. "I think I'll enjoy the beauties of nature." And Margaret left.

So there I was stuck with the wrong girl. It was going to be a dull afternoon. The girl would want to talk about the Romantic poets, you know, sort of snuggle up to them verbally, and I'd have to sit there and stare at the meat of her thighs underneath her Bermuda shorts while she sat with her lovely red lips half parted. It would be some fight. I resolved to avoid it. "I suppose I ought to be getting back to the apartment and correct some themes," I said.

"Oh, it's too nice a day to go inside," she said. "Don't you just love to sit and enjoy the beauties of nature?" she said.

Well I did love the beauties of nature—the beauties of nature that were under her sweater; but I couldn't say that, nor could I even get a look at them. So I half-rose. "Walking back this way?" I said, to be polite.

So she stood up too. I took a step, and then I realized she was standing right in the middle of the path. My move brought me dangerously close to her. I could smell the sweet smell of her perfume, and for a minute I thought I would go all to pieces. I pulled myself together. "Excuse me," I said.

But she didn't move. "Professor Denby," she said, almost tearfully, "what am I going to do about my grades? You just gave me a C."

"Well," I said, all a tremble because we *were* standing rather close together, "Perhaps if you worked a little harder you might do quite well."

"But I don't understand it," she said. "Please help me."

It was a pitiful cry. But I put it aside. All she wanted to do was sit around on the grass with me and keep me in a state of high fever. And I was already pretty far gone. I didn't need any more of that. "All right," I said, "come around to my office sometime, and we'll see what we can do." And I started to step forward again.

"No," she said. "Now."

(Continued on page 48)

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ADVICE TO THE ASPIRING BEATNIK

(Continued from page 24)

smoking marijuana Some will be high on other things A few will be drunk ing—preferably cheap wine But liquor is not a reflex with the Beat Although they often frequent bars, they will mainly confine themselves to beer partially, it must be admitted, because it is cheap But unlike the Lost Generation, which made a good deal of noise about how drunk they were, the Beat Generation does not push the liquor but-

A first, the people at the Beat party appear rather tame They are in no hurry to go anyplace, and they may, as time progresses, simply carry the party on for three or four days It is certain to last until sunrise, in any case, and they are trying to hoard their energies As the hours pass, however, a certain sexual interest begins to generate itself. A man may simply decide to take off his pants This will cause no stir He has his pants off for some good reason, everyone assumes, and nobody pays any attention

A girl may then follow suit, although she won't begin with her pants. Since this is a Beat party, she will already have her black shoes off. Her next step will be to remove her stockings This she will also do without fanfare. 'Why do you take them off," you ask.

'That's the way it is man," she'll reply soberly. And indeed it is.

At this point the atmosphere of the room is filling with a bit of tension. Maybe, everybody is hoping, something will happen Maybe this will be the night, each thinks to himself, when I will be touched by the great spirit when I will suddenly become one with the world. This hope gives everybody a nice edge on, ready to move in whatever directions their emotions take them

Now a couple of men take off their shirts More long black stockings come off. The records are turned over, and the pitch of the voices increases.

And at this point one of the girls may decide to ship out of her underpants. She does, pulling them down from under her skirt and dropping them to the floor Nobody pays any attention That would be unfashionable

But another girl spurred on by the example of the pantless one, now removes her black sweater As it happens, she is wearing no bra under neath She is rather short, a stocky girl, with considerable to offer between the navel and the adam's apple Under other circumstances she would draw a crowd But crowd drawing is not Beat. And nobody pays any attention.

And as the party goes on It is now getting along towards four in the morning In a couple of hours the sun will be up. And still the spirit hasn't arrived Still the great momentous happening—whatever that is—hasn't occurred. So the girls begin to work around to something a little more interesting Skirts come off This of course leaves the girl who had already removed her undergarments something of a winner She sits with her black sweater on, naked from the waist down, a charming spectacle Some of the others are allowing themselves panties, and nothing more

The men, meanwhile are equal to the girls. They have stripped of this and that garment until they too are nearly naked There is now really only one more thing to do. But still they are reluctant They would all rather go on talking in hopes that the momentous event will occur But already there is a bit of light in the east And so now, gradually, with tapeworm like slowness young men and women begin to collect themselves in pairs, or at worst, trios There is a certain amount of pulling and hauling, for the floor is rather small Thus tends to jam all the couples close together But it does not matter The lights are out

So business continues for awhile. In between there is some switching around A man leaves his girl to visit the little boys room and he may find her occupied when he comes back Because for error He simply takes what is left around It makes no difference The lights are out Who cares what goes on in the dark

And then of course, the sun comes up Everybody is tired and smoked out But still they are anxious to continue the party The great event has not taken place Somebody makes coffee Somebody opens a new bottle of wine Somebody collects together some money and goes out for ham burgers And the party goes on, the talking goes on, the records go on Still they are waiting, for the great event, the big moment They don't know what it is, but they will know when it comes.

In most Beat circles it hasn't come yet. This is a great advantage for the aspiring Beatnik Since nobody else has reached the magic oneness with the world, he need not feel left out. Anyway it is the search that counts. A right minded young man will enjoy the wine, and the girls, and left the momentous moments go. After all a Beat party is a party, and better than most you'll go to Different at least. It's reason enough to join the Beat Generation

And now, a last word to the young Beatniks. Where do you find the Beat? There are three good places to look. New York's Greenwich Village contains more Beatniks probably than any place on earth. Try there first The next stop heading west is the area around Chicago University. There's plenty going on in Chicago that the city fathers don't know about And the last place is San Francisco's North Beach area This is the fonotaunhead. It's smaller than Greenwich Village, but intenser The key to a Beat district is the presence of coffee houses Not all coffee houses are haunts of the Beat. But if you find three in the same block—go man, go Life is before you

The end

DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL:
CHAPTER IX
THE LUCKY BREAK

(Continued from page 38)

more comfortable that way.

And so then I sat waiting. I didn't know if Charlie Jester was still around the Winthrop's. But if he was, he'd be sure to see me.

And he was. After about a half hour he came out onto the Winthrop's back terrace, stretched a little and looked around. And right away he saw me. Naturally, I didn't look at him. I just went on reading my magazine. But I knew he was looking me up and down. I could feel his eyes. And I knew he was giving me a good look, because he'd had a better one the morning before. It always interests a man to see a girl dressed up who he's seen—other ways. And then after a minute he walked over and leaned on the stone wall between our place and the Wuthrop's. I tell you, my heart was beating just a mile a minute. But I didn't look up.

Then he said, "Good morning."

I turned around quickly—as if I were startled. "Oh, hello," I said.

"Nice day," he said.

"Yes, it is."

"Nice day to go for a drive," he said. He began to whistle. Then he stopped. "I'm a stranger around here. Maybe you could show me the high spots of the scenery."

And oh my, wouldn't I have loved to! But of course I couldn't. Mums would be home soon. But still and all, this was my chance. I had to get in a hooker of some kind, so he'd come around the next day. "Gee," I said, "I wouldn't mind that a bit. Only I can't—today."

"Oh?" he said, playing it real cool. "Why not?"

Well, of course, I couldn't tell him that it was because Mums wouldn't let me see him because of his reputation. That was sure to make him mad, and besides it put me in a bad light. "I just can't, today," I said. But I

(Continued on page 51)

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THE MAID WHISTLE

(Continued from page 36)

closer look but then I decided it wouldn't wash. She'd just rush off to the house and hide and I wouldn't even get to jaw with her. So I waited.

And after awhile she got finished washing the dress and she pulled it up out of the tub and wrung it out. That was a pretty sight, too, this girl twisting and turning to work all the water out of her dress, sort of swinging those hips around so that the sun lit up all that flesh with a nice tan color. Oh my dear! Then she put the dress back on. It was still wet. I figured she was going to just wear it around until it dried which wouldn't be long because of the heat of the sun. But while it was still wet it stuck to her pretty good showing up all the goodies in great form.

So then I got up out of the brush and ambled on down there with my shotgun over my shoulder, figuring to have a little talk with her.

'Hello there, Susan," I said casual like sort of moving the shotgun around where she could get a good look at the silver plating.

'Well, where did you come from?" she said. "You ain't been looking?'

"No indeed I had. 'I was up in the woods hunting squirrels and I'm just passing on by.'

'Well, that's fine," she said. "You just pass on by."

"Say, now," I said. 'I call that mighty unfriendly of you."

"Well, I don't care what you call it" she said. "I don't like fellas, and I don't aim to have them hanging around me. That's all."

"That ain't natural," I said. 'All girls like fellas. It's the way of nature."

"Not my nature, it ain't," she said. 'I had one old fella shoving and pushing at me, and that'll do for awhile."

Well, I could see right away what the trouble was. This old man that married her old lady had got to pushing at her, and she had got a bright. You know, sometimes a young girl gets a fright and it takes awhile to get over it. I seen it happen around here times when some fella got drunk and randy and started picking on some little girl that didn't want to have nothing to do with him. It spoiled the girl. It'd sometimes take a couple of years to get her straightened around to the point where she was any use to the fellas. And it looked like that was what happened here. So I knew it wasn't any use pushing and shoving at her. I just said good bye and shoved along.

But I was still thinking. You get a girl as pretty as Susan you don't let her get away if you can help it. So I turned it over in my mind pretty good for awhile and then I remembered about the maidwhistles. Of course, I didn't half believe in them. Most likely just old granny gossip. But you never know. Sometimes those old grannies have got tricks that work out. It's hard to tell about an old granny. You just can't figure them. Sometimes they give you something that works and sometimes it's all just a lot of granny talk. Anyways, I didn't figure I had anything to lose so I took a jug of whiskey and went on up across the creek and by and by I came to an old grannys shack.

The old girl was sitting out front on a rocker, snuffling her pipe and drinking out of a jug from time to time. She was about a hundred years old from the looks of her, brown as a trout and wrinkled from head to foot.

"Hello there, grannys," I said.

'Git out of the sun," she said 'before I catch a chill."

"That so," I said. And I moved aside. You always have to be respectful with grannies otherwise they'll get mad at you and won't help out.

"Say now, Granny," I said 'I'll bet you never heard of a maidwhistle.'

"Maybe," she said just sucking on her pipe.

I set the whiskey jug down on the dirt by her rocker. "Well, that's too bad," I said. 'I was kind of hoping you knew about maidwhistles."

"What's in the jug?" the old granny said.

'Oh, some special corn whiskey I made up."

'That so?" she said. She hefted the jug to see if it was full, then she put it up to her lips and took a swallow. 'Damn me," she said. "It ain't bad." She winked at me. "Couple of, swallows of that and maybe I could remember about the maidwhistle."

"Well, I'll tell you what, Granny," I said. 'I'll just leave the jug here where it will help along with your thinking, and I'll stop on by tomorrow and see if you come up with anything.'

And so that was what I done. The next afternoon I filled up another jug of corn and trotted on up to see her. That made about eight dollars' worth of good whiskey I give to her, but when I thought about the sight of that there Susan standing naked in the sun, I didn't give the cost much mind. Next to her, eight dollars wasn't nothing.

"Hello there, Granny," I said, swinging the jug by my thumb, 'did you come up with anything on the maidwhistle yet?"

'What's in the jug now?"

'Some more of the same," I said. But this time I didn't set it down, just waited for her to make her move.

And she kind of set there thinking for a minute, and then she reached under her dress and took out this kind of tube like a little gun barrel. "You going to set that jug down?" she said.

"I guess so, Granny," I said.

'Well," she said, 'I guess you could call this a maidwhistle. It ought to get you what you want." She handed it over to me. It didn't look like anything at all: just a tube of wood with the ends open. I started to put it to my lips to give it a blow.

"Hold it," she said. 'It won't work if you do that, son. It's only good for one blow."

"That so," I said.

"Yup. You got to handle them maidwhistles right. Now this here one, you got to slip one end over the girl's finger. Then you give it a little blow. And then you take it off. Simple, ain't it?" She chuckled. "Now set down that jug before you drop it."

(Continued on page 52)

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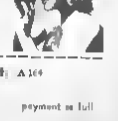

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TEACHER'S PETS

(Continued from page 43)

"Well really," I said. "I have things to do."

"Please," she said.

And all at once I got quite fed up. I was sick of all these hot little girls running around me. I was sick of Brinsley. I was sick of the academic life. I was sick of the whole shebang. All I wanted to do was crawl into the sack with some nice warm woman be side me, and the hell with the rest.

And so I simply took Miss Tossing by the hand, pulled her close up to me, and kissed her firmly on the mouth. She made a little sound, and began kissing me back. But that made me even angrier. I pushed her away from me. "And now," I said coldly, "I suppose you're going to tell the whole campus about this."

She gave me a curious little look. "Maybe," she said. "Unless you do something else."

"You mean I'm supposed to give you an A?"

"No," she said. "I don't care about that." And she stepped toward me. Then quite suddenly it dawned on me that she was the right girl all along. I put my arms around her and kissed her again. Then I bent, swung one arm under the bare flesh at the back of her thighs, and picked her up.

"Well," I said, "let us go over there amongst those trees and do as the romantic poets do."

She smiled at me drowsily. "Yes," she said. So I carried her into the grove of evergreens and laid her down upon the soft pine needles. "Suppose we just get rid of this sweater," I said, pulling it up over her head. A nice sight. Those wonderful muffins contained in a snowy white brassiere. An instant later I had the brassiere off and lying beside the sweater. "My," I said. "How wonderful." And they were too. And I would have gone further with my explorations but at the moment she was unbuttoning my shirt. I waited until that was done. Then I went to work on the buttons down the side of her Bermuda shorts. In a matter of seconds I had the garment loose. With a deft romantic gesture I slipped them down, pulled the trim little panties along with them. And there she was, bold bare. A lovely sight indeed. Fine round hips, a trim young girl's waist, and those glorious thighs. A charming thing. And I sort of knelt up over her to allow her to unlatch my belt. "Tell me," I said. "What about this girl Margaret Smith?"

Cecilia laughed. "I could see you were making a play for her. I didn't understand it. I'm prettier than she is. But I could have told you it wouldn't do any good."

"I guess I figured wrong," I said. "I figured that she was the romantic type."

"And I wasn't? Guess again, you're still wrong." And she was lying there grinning, that wonderful body just waiting for my attention. But I had to find out what she was laughing at. "What's funny?"

"The reason why you couldn't do well with Margaret is that she's already sleeping with an English professor—Mr. Taper." And that slowed me down. For it began to dawn on me that all of the men on the campus were doing a little something on the side. And I'd been missing it. But I determined not to miss it any longer.

"All right, my dear, I always like to follow the custom of the place." And I lay down beside her. Brinsley, I was deciding, could be a pleasant place to teach.

The end

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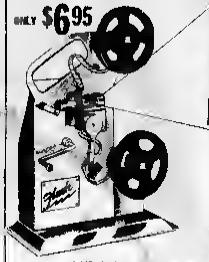

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Desiccated Pituitary	10 mgm.	Ennseptium
Desiccated Pituitary	10 mgm.	Ennoctium
Desiccated Pituitary	10 mgm.	Ennennium

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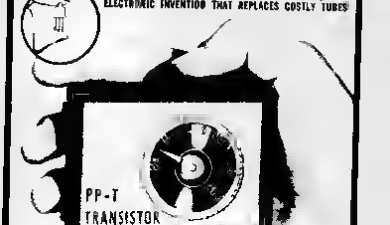

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DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL

CHAPTER IX

THE LUCKY BREAK

(Continued from page 45)

could see right away that he thought he was getting the run around.

'Well that's too bad" he said. And he began whistling and started to move away from the wall And I wanted to shout, come back come back, but I couldn't.

So I said, "maybe tomorrow afternoon"

He paused 'Perhaps. I'll be down at the beach Maybe I'll see you there" And he walked away

It was just awful I knew he thought I was giving him the business and he was saying that about the beach to let me know he didn't care one way or another I knew that once he got down to the beach some other girl would grab him off before I could get down there I tell you, I am in a frightful sweat I just don't know what to do

SATURDAY, JULY 18

DEAR DIARY

Well, you just never know how things are going to work out. Life is full of little surprises I mean sometimes when you need a break you just get it

What happened was this. In the morning I hung around the window for awhile, but Charlie Jester never showed up. I didn't see him at all. And I was in a real stew waiting for Mums and Daddy to get out But they kept on hanging around. You never saw anything like it. First Daddy had to check up on the car, and then he remembered he had a letter to write, and then Mums took it into her head to make some cookies for me to have while they were gone I could have screamed

But finally they got packed and Daddy began to load the suitcases into the car I still hadn't seen Charlie Jester His car was still in the Winthrop's garage, however, and I

(Continued on page 54)

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THE MAID WHISTLE

(Continued from page 46)

So I set down the jug and give a thank you, and went off across the creek the way I come. I didn't stop going, neither, until I got down to Bedloes. Old man Bedloe was setting on the porch rocking, with a good skinful on. "Where's Susan?" I said.

He pointed with his thumb. "She's inside. But it won't do you no good to go in there. She don't cotton to fellas." He gave me a wink. "I know. I give it a try."

"Well," I said, "I reckon there's no harm in trying." So I just opened the door and skipped on inside. Susan was standing by the wash tub cleaning her hands. She had on that same dress, only now it was dry. Even so, I could see them goodies up under the top, about as pretty and soft looking as you could want. "Susan," I said. "Lemme talk to you a minute."

"Git out of here," she said. "I don't want no pushing around."

"Honey, I got something for you," I said.

"Well, you just take it on out of here and give it to some other poor sap." But she kind of turned around to give me a little look, I could see she was kind of interested.

So what I did was move on in a little closer. "Susan, don't be sore at me. I don't aim to push you around."

"I don't like fellas," she said. But she was all the way turned around, and she was looking at this maid whistle in my hands. "What's that?" she said.

"Oh, just a little thing one of them Granny gave me."

"Is that a fact," she said. "I don't like the looks of it."

"It ain't nothing but a little bitty stick," I said. And then all of a sudden I grabbed up her hand and slipped the stick over her finger.

"Hey," she shouted. But I wasn't having no for an answer. I give a little blow on the end of the stick.

She was hopping mad. "What you trying to do?" she hollered.

"It ain't nothing," I said. But it didn't look like the magic was working right. She was sore as hell, and about then she give me a kick in the shins, just to let me know it. "Why, God damn you, what the hell are you trying to do," she hollered again. And she reached for a fry pan to give me a clobbering.

I grabbed aholt of the stick and pulled it off. And right then and there she stopped swinging that skillet and give me a real funny look. I didn't get it. Then I looked at her finger. Right around it pretty as you please was a ring. It wasn't much of a ring, some kind of catalogue ring, but it was a ring all right.

"Well, I'll be go to hell," I said. That old granny must have stuck it up in the tube so it would be sure to come off on the girl's finger when I pulled the maidwhistle away.

But Susan wasn't paying any attention to what I was saying. She looked kind of quiet and puzzled, but her eyes were shining. "Well I must say that's the funniest way to give a girl an engagement ring I ever did see."

I kind of gulped. That wasn't what I was figuring on. "Well, I don't know," I said.

But she didn't pay no attention to that neither. She just walked over close to me and put her arms around my neck, and put those soft, warm, young lips on mine. And it didn't take me more than a second to have my arms around her too, kind of reaching for the back of her skirt. And oh my, did it feel just right to have her all pressed up against me that way, her bosoms smashed up good on my chest and all.

"Oh yes, honey," she said. "Sure I'll marry you." Then she looked down. "I was kind of hoping you would ask."

"Well, I'll be go hell," I said again. Then I kind of took her by the arm and steered her out into the yard, and we walked off toward the woods. I was kind of dizzy in the head. I wasn't aiming to get married, but I didn't see what the heck I was going to do about it. Anyways we walked up into the woods, and she talked.

"You know," she said, "I don't really hate fellas. But I ain't like these other girls. I seen this fella that married my ma carrying on with me. And I knew why she married him, too, because she thought she was going to have a kid. That ain't no way to get married. Tho man's always thinking he got trapped, and he's chasing around after other girls. That's why I wanted to leave off the pushing and shoving until a fella spoke for me, so's I'd know he wanted me really to marry him, not just because I was carrying a child."

"It that a fact," I said, trying to figure out where I was at. And then I didn't have to figure very much. We was standing up in the woods and Susan was unbuttoning her dress down the side. And my just looking. First she kind of looked shy, and slipped off the top so I could see her bosoms good and clear. And my they were nice and round. Then she give me a smile and slipped the dress down a little ways more, to let me see her stomach and hips. And that was just fine too; she'd got these round hips, and she was all blonde. Then she stopped looking shy altogether, and kicked the dress off onto the ground. And my what lovely legs she had, curved up just right, you know, not fat at all, but just nice and plump around the thighs. And so I stepped right up and hugged her to me. We stood around like that for awhile, kind of shaking together, and then she touched me with her soft fingers and unbuttoned my shirt for me, and a couple of other things, and we lay down on the grass all naked and my land she was a pretty sight. And I got to thinking it wasn't going to be so bad being hitched to her. I figured to get married sooner or later, it might as well be with Susan. After all where was I going to find another girl like that?

And anyway, I couldn't use the maidwhistle again. The granny said you could only work it once. Once, I figured, was enough.

The end

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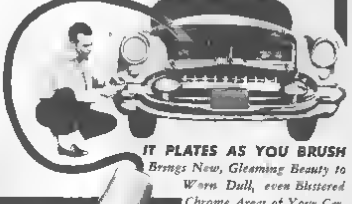

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DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL:
CHAPTER IX
THE LUCKY BREAK

(Continued from page 51)

figured I had a chance. And then finally Mums and Daddy came out to the car, all dressed up, and I went out to kiss them good bye.

And what did I see but Charlie Jester backing his car out of the garage. I was just frantic. I wanted to wave to him, to shout, wait, but I couldn't with Mums standing right there. So I kissed them both as fast as I could, and started to push them toward the car.

And then Mums took it into her head to give me a lecture. 'Now don't forget, no visitors, go to bed at a reasonable hour and I want you home by six tonight, in case you decide to go to the beach. And I'm warning you I'm going to call to make sure you're here." Oh my, it was just terrible.

But finally they got into the car, and Dad started it. Already Charlie Jester was pulling out into the street. Dad began to back down the driveway. And then Charlie Jester just took off. Ten seconds latter Daddy and Mums were gone, too—a minute too late. I mean I could have cried. Just one minute was all I needed. And I just stood there with this sad look on my face feeling mistreated and all. And then I went into the house.

About five minutes later I looked out the window, and what did my wondering eyes see but Charlie Jester walking up the street with a gloomy look on his face. I mean I just about jumped out of my skin. I dashed to the door—and then I walked out, calm as a cucumber. "Hello there," I said. "Where are you off to?"

He wasn't about to pay me any attention. 'I got a flat.' he said gruffly. 'And I don't have a spare. I got to call a garage.'

'Oh that's too bad," I said. Too bad my foot, I thought. Anyway. "Why don't you use our phone."

He just waved at me, disgusted. I could see he really took me for a tease. "I'll use the Winthrop's," he said.

"Well," I said, "Mums and Daddy have gone to Spring Lake, and I'm stuck here all alone, so if you want to wait for the fellow from the garage, we might have a drink. I mean just for company's sake. I hate to drink alone, don't you?"

Well that perked him up a little. "Well, I might consider that," he said. But he was suspicious.

So I brought him in and fixed us both a Tom Collins. I figured I could put a little water in the gin later so that Daddy would never know I took any. And then he said, "where's the phone?" He was impatient to get down to the beach, to investigate the girl situation. But he wasn't going anyplace if I could help it.

"Oh, it's right there." I said. "But why don't you enjoy your drink for a minute." And I sat down and put up my legs, to stretch them out for—well, just to be comfortable. And he saw that and then he sat down, and looked. So we talked for a few minutes and then he finished his drink and got up.

"I'd better call," he said. But I got up right away. I figured I had better make my move.

'Listen," I said. "Make us another drink first." I was going to have to dump a good bit of water into the gin, but I didn't care. So he gave me a curious look and went out into the kitchen. And then I got busy. I had on these shorts with a little zipper down the side. I unzipped it, jammed a couple of threads from the seam into it, and pulled it tight.

Then he came back with the drinks. "I seem to have jammed my zipper," I said. And of course that was no lie. I had jammed the zipper. "Would you mind awfully trying to fix it?"

He put down the drinks and came over and put his hands on that zipper, and I tell you I got the colley wobbles. The good colley wobbles, I mean. I mean I could just feel his hands on my hips there, and it was something.

So he gave the zipper a tug, but I had jammed it up good and it wouldn't come loose. "It's really stuck," he said.

"Well," I said, "I guess I'd better put on something else." And I was beginning to feel just right. I took a look at him. He was staring at me in an interested way. I figured I had it licked. He wasn't about to telephone the garage. So I just slipped those shorts off and flung them down on the floor, and stood there in my panties.

Well, as I figured, he wasn't a boy to fool around. He just walked over to me, put his arms around me, and reached down under the elastic of my panties. And I tell you, I liked feeling his fingers on my bare skin. And then he waited a minute to see if I would resist, which was the furthest thing from my mind, and then he pushed the panties down and I kicked them off. So I began to unbutton his shirt, and he began to reach his hands around—you know, various places. So we stood there like that for awhile, and then I said, "Let's go upstairs where there are blinds on the windows. And he picked me up and carried me to my bedroom. And I went and pulled down the blinds, while he stood behind me taking off his clothes. And my, wasn't he something, all decked out with those big muscles and all. And so I slipped off my tee-shirt and my bra and just lay down on the bed. Of course, he lay down beside me. It was nice, just a little bit dark from the shades drawn, but light enough to see those muscles. And we just sort of crawled next to each other and kissing and sort of—well, messing around. And then after awhile we began to move along a little, and things went smooth ly from there on.

Which just goes to show. Sometimes you need that lucky break. I mean if he hadn't got that flat tire, where would we have been? We would have both missed out. And that would have been a shame, wouldn't it, Dear Diary?

The end

"We're saved! The Marines have landed!"

SPECIAL:

June Wilkinson dances for You

As a super special feature for all our MERMAID readers we have engaged one of the most delightfully, divine dancers in the world, Miss June Wilkinson, to do a few, new dance steps just for *you!*

When June first hit the American scene last year, there were many who thought the chesty (43-21-36) cherub would just be another model. As it turned out June is not only a wonderful model but a gal with a great deal of talent and stage personality. Example: It was June who thought up the idea of doing this dance for MERMAID'S readers.

Born 19 years ago just outside of London England our British cousin made her first stage appearance in a school play entitled Little Red Riding Hood. As we might have mentioned, this was when a sharp-eyed producer picked her out as future talent. And now, just a decade later he can see how accurately his predictions have come true

For the first part of her fantastic performance, June will treat your tired eyeballs to a couple of graceful ballet steps in the classic tradition. For more classical-type movements from Miss Wilkinson please turn the page.

Lithe, lovely and very, very exciting, June carries her weight around with the grace of a queen. Fortunately for the busty beauty she needs no diets to keep her shape in trim. Says June: "I just exercise like mad. My favorite is of course, dancing."

June has other favorite likes. Among them: "beat" music (whatever that is?) expensive, sexy clothes and well done steaks.

The busty blonde's dislikes are just as simple and to the point. June can't stand. 'beefcake boys,' artificial girls and strawberry flavored ice-cream sodas.

Besides her enthusiastic interest in the performing arts June's favorite hobbies are speed boat racing (she follows the exploits of band leader Guy Lombardo and speed wizard Walter F. Lansing of her native England) and swimming

June got her start on the road to fame, fortune and glory when she was discovered by a producer at dancing school. She was cast in the role of Little Red Riding Hood. (The producer undoubtedly took the part of the wolf).

When asked what her ultimate ambition was June replied "I want to become famous one way or another — preferably in the acting field." We doubt if she'll ever have any trouble achieving her ambition in one way or another.

Tall (5'6") well built (128 pounds) with dark brown eyes June would be a knock out even if she didn't have the fantastic measurements she now holds. (But then again, she wouldn't be June Wilkinson either)

Now, here's the moment all you MERMAID readers have been waiting for. Now is the moment (if you just turn the page) when June will do her latest dance number, designed especially for you!

"Now there fellows here it is. This is the dance I designed just for your viewing pleasure . . .

I call it The R & R Cha, Cha, Cha. And it's really easy as pie to do. All you need is a little room and . . . a lot of pep . . .

". . . 'cause as you can see this step really takes some moving. You've got to keep up on your toes every minute and you've got to shake, shake, shake . . .

Now June really starts to swing with this abrupt and abbreviated version of a rock and roll number which she calls "The R & R Cha, Cha, Cha!" We call it magnificent!

.. like I do! And don't forget to get your arms into the act. Remember, hands are very expressive. Sometimes, they tell the whole story by themselves...

...like I'm doing with my hands right now. Anyhow, whatever, you do just don't stop moving. This dance requires skill, speed and motion so...

—. don't slow down one little bit until you come to ..

THE END

UNDERSEA ADVENTURE FOR EVERYBODY

(Continued from page 20)

Certainly part of the impetus has come from the publicity the frogmen have gotten in recent years.

Essentially, skin diving comes in two categories, about as different as free-flight gliders and powered planes. The most common type, the type that most local sports will engage in, assumes that you can go down only for as long as you can hold your breath, the other type makes use of one of a number of means of transporting air down with the diver, who can thus remain under the surface of the sea, floating free in a three dimensional world, for as long as an hour at a time. But more about this later.

The ordinary skin-diving enthusiast is more likely to eschew the Aqualung and its variants. What he is interested in is a lot simpler, a lot less expensive, and a lot less dangerous. For no matter how skilled a diver is, the misuse of the Aqualung can cause sudden death, which tends to spoil an afternoon's outing.

All right, now, what does the budding skin diver have to know? And what does he need? He needs, first of all a body of water; and secondly, it must be reasonably warm water. It is generally assumed that about 55 degrees is as cold as anybody can take prolonged immersions in water and still call it fun. Sixty degrees is more likely. Plainly this is going to eliminate the northern seacoasts as reasonable skin diving grounds. Even in mid July the waters around New England are much too cold to stay out in for the length of time a skin diver needs. There is, however, an answer for the northern enthusiast. That is the inland lakes and ponds. These tend to warm enough for an hour's stay, but they have drawbacks. For one thing, they're quite often muddy for much looking around. For another they're often filled with boats, especially motorboats, and it goes without saying that skin diving in the vicinity of motors is extremely hazardous, if not completely foolhardy.

Plainly, the Southern seacoasts are the most reliable grounds for skin-diving; the Caribbean waters off Florida are first rate, and so is the entire Southern California coast. These two areas are at this point the focal places for much of America's skin diving. But the enthusiast should not be scared off from northern waters entirely. The only thing to do is to try them. Places like Long Island Sound and other semi protected waters are often plenty warm enough for skin diving.

With all this in mind, let's have a look at the sport in general. There are two main purposes for skin-diving. First and foremost, and the one that is making the sport so attractive is spear fishing. Spear-fishing is pretty much of a brand new sport. Little is known about it compared with the body of knowledge anglers have built up about their sport. It is exciting, rewarding and usually good fun. We'll go into the spear-fishing in more detail a little further on.

The other use for skin diving is exploration. There is an enormous pleasure in simply investigating the bottom of the oceans and lakes, either hunting for specimens or simply enjoying the view of a strange world few people have seen until now.

A final, and peripheral value of the trained skin-diver is his usefulness in finding watches, rings, and fishing knives which careless friends have dropped into the water. Or, for example, a skin diver is pretty valuable for taking a look at a fouled boat propeller.

No matter what you have in mind, the basic skin diving equipment is simple and relatively inexpensive. There are three main pieces of equipment: the fins, or flippers to aid your swimming; the goggles for underwater viewing; and the snorkel, or breathing apparatus. The whole outfit can be purchased for as little as five dollars. However, it is generally wiser to spend a little more and make sure you've got some quality for your money. Let's take up the items one at a time.

Some budding enthusiasts will start off by dispensing with the flippers. They're cumbersome, ugly looking, and besides who needs them? You can swim anyway, can't you? Don't be fooled. Flippers are not intended to make you swim easier; they are to make you swim faster. For a skin diver this is vital. He has only so much time underwater, thirty seconds to a minute or so, depending on the capacity of his lungs. Consequently, he wants to be able to move as quickly as possible as soon as he spots his target. The flippers will make a big difference. A couple of pushes with your flippered feet will send you down twenty feet in little over a second. Thus you could not do without them. Furthermore, flippers will enable you to move along the surface without using your hands. If you are spear fishing, this again is important, as you'll want your hands free for aiming and firing.

There are, of course, some expert spear fishermen who work without flippers. They claim that flippers slow up their maneuverability under water. What they lose in descent and ascent time they make up in the chase. However, the beginner is advised to use flippers, at least to start. Then if he likes, he can experiment with his own feet. Flippers run from $2.00 to $15.00 or so. They come in a variety of types and from a variety of manufacturers. There seems to be no single type very much favored over any other. Chances are any kind will serve you once you've gotten used to them. If possible, you might try and borrow several different types and try them out, but considering the cheapness of the item, you can afford to make a mistake.

The second piece of equipment you'll need is the goggles. These come in a wide variety of types, many of them come with the snorkeling device built in. The earliest types were the ordinary goggles with twin eye pieces. It has been found, however, that these can be uncomfortable where they fit

(Continued on page 68)

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You can get the smooth action flow of steady power that keeps you go ng mile after mile with the ease and pleasure of a sweet running engine that responds at the touch of your toe.

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Prevent day carbon and ca rdon wasteful in efficient engine fuel gallons at today's gas levels p m sesses greater than you need to advocate fuel ow.

The result is less of bore flutter in the carb reter and excessive wear on the float and needle assembly. This goes in a m ximum area. The assembly wears for three s mes more engine performance is mgood. You may good gas money for power—but at you get a tariff way performance.

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Order today at OUR risk. Get the positive power, the speed, the go—and the big gins of extra mileage. Save money month after month—many times the small cost of your Milesmaster. Get new brilliant car performance that you never dreamed possible.

UNDERSEA ADVENTURE FOR EVERYBODY

(Continued from page 64)

around the nose, and furthermore are difficult to fit so as to keep water out. The best types are the single masks which cover eyes and nose together, and are fitted with sponge rubber to you tightly to the face. Some variants of these have rubber unfilled balls at the corners which help equalize the air pressure inside the mask with the pressure of the water. This helps to keep the mask from pushing tight onto your face, which is really only a consideration when you begin to get down into the thirty-foot depths. However, devices of this kind tend to run up into the $25.00 class. The beginner will be better off with something cheaper, say around $5.00, for which he can get perfectly adequate goggles. In using the goggles, the most important thing to remember is to keep them clean. Before you put them on each time duck them into the water and then take a look at them. The water should flow perfectly free over both inner and outer surfaces. If it tends to flow away from spots, you should rub those spots with water, or a bit of tobacco to clear them up. The mask should be left in the water a few minutes before use to bring it down to water temperature, and your face should be wet before you put it on. When buying a mask, it is advisable to make sure that the straps are either ribbed or bubbled, or corrugated in some way to prevent them from slipping around.

So much for masks. The third and final piece of equipment is your snorkel. This is simply a hooked tube a foot or so long with a mouthpiece on the straight end, and a lightweight rubber or plastic ball fitted into the hooked end. The ball is allowed to float loosely just inside the hooked end of the tube. When the end of the tube is submerged the ball closes tightly over the opening, preventing water from getting in. When the tube is out of the water the ball drops loose, allowing the tube to open for breathing. The snorkel is used for surface exploring. The skin diver floats on the surface, or just under it, looking downward through his mask and breathing through the snorkel. He can go on indefinitely exploring the undersea depths this way. When he wants to dive, either going for a fish, or to examine something that's struck his eye, he simply bends his body forward, takes a deep breath raises his legs, and goes under. The snorkel closes automatically, and he can stay down as long as his breath holds out. Snorkels range in price from $2.00 up.

Thus, as you can see, with a set of basic equipment costing under $15.00 you can begin skin diving. And it is advisable to begin right here. You may want to go onto spear fishing, or eventually, to the Aqualung or similar apparatus, but begin simply. Learn what skin diving is like first. Even if you intend to go in for spear fishing right away, a few experimental days with the simple equipment is a must.

This brings us to the question of the Aqualung and its companions. Generally speaking, these devices are not plaything. They have to be handled with extreme care, and they must be used with full knowledge of how they work. Furthermore, they are not cheap. Prices vary widely, according to type, and range up into the hundred dollar class. No attempt will be made here to go into any detail on the Aqualung. The advantages are obvious. With a breathing device you can go down deep a hundred feet or more. Furthermore, you can stay under for as long as an hour, at the shallower levels. This has great advantages both for the explorer and the spear fisherman. However, a word of caution. Do not simply go out and buy yourself an Aqualung. If you're really interested, borrow your equipment from an expert and let him show you how to use it. The foolish amateur can very easily rupture an eardrum, or worse, a lung.

Assuming now that you're equipped with your diving apparatus, a word about spear fishing. The basic need is a gun. These come in a wide variety of types, ranging from the spring-driven spears to carbon dioxide harpoon types. Most of the guns are effective for ranges of not much more than five or six feet; plainly the spear fisherman is a stalker more than a hunter. The fun of the sport lies in moving close into your prospective dinner. Once you can get the spear end four or five feet from him, he's a dead duck—or a dead fish. Spear guns start at about $1.00, and run on up. It is probably best to start by borrowing, or renting a gun, to find out the type you like. Individual taste varies. Many spear-fishing areas have shops which will rent you the guns. You can experiment with the various types at your leisure.

The spear fisherman must remember, however that he is dealing with a lethal weapon. He must exercise the same care with it as if it were a rifle. Furthermore, he must be considerate of the rights of anglers and net fishermen. The best thing to do, for a beginning, is to look around for the local spear fishing club. They'll know the rules and regulations and can point you to good fishing spots.

Now, a few miscellaneous pieces of advice. On the matter of ear plugs, don't use them. They made equalization of pressure in the ear mechanism impossible, and may result in ear infections or worse. Furthermore, don't dive when you have a cold, or sinus difficulties. If you *must* dive, don't go deep. Always have somebody along either in a boat or on shore where they can keep an eye on you. Don't ever go poking around in underwater caverns until you're sure you know what you're doing. Stay out of the way of regular swimming and fishing areas. There's a time to live and a time to die. Don't dive into the water with your equipment on. Slip in backwards, and slowly. And don't stay in the water for long stretches at a time. There is no point in chilling yourself. Remember, skin-diving is for fun; be careful, and enjoy yourself.

The end

Next month with cooler weather coming up we've taken especial pains to insure a warm hearted publication for our readers Therefore next month MERMAID has prepared the following tales of fact and fiction. You'll find that they are all calculated to keep your interest up as the temperature starts to drop And her's why ..

THE SUBURBIAN TEEN AGE SEX PROBLEM

A LITTLE CULTURE FOR THE AMBITIOUS MAN

THE GIRL OF THE AIRY TOWERS

ABBY WHITE AND THE WAGON LOAD OF WOMEN

DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL

THE JAZZ GIRL

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Pages and pages of spicy photographs of our delightful Mermaids In all four giant sized stories of the most beautiful ly developed women on earth

And for your reading pleasure we re sure you r going to enjoy the following titles They re your assurance of the finest fiction and fact written for men

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TEACHER'S PETS

ADVICE TO THE ASPIRING BEATNIK

THE MAID WHISTLE

Plus our extra special feature

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